

LETTER
FROM
Sir William Waller
At ROTTERDAM,
TO
TITUS OATES
In LONDON:

Intercepted at Dover, and publish'd for general satisfaction.

O Titus !

SO dreadful are my apprehensions of the Evils impendent over our Godly Party, and so lively the dire and unexpected ~~Evil~~, not only of Stephen at Oxon, of Russel in the face of his Household-Gods, and the ungrateful City, of Essex in the Tower, of Walcot, Rouse, Hone, &c. at Tyburn, but also of that Honourable Martyr for the Cause, the Lord Lisle, amidst his Guards, in a Sanctuary like *this* for any in our Circumstances: that I must summon up all my Spirits, to dare as much as to boe-peep in *crepusculis* to take a mouthful of Air, lest some wicked and sanguinary Tory make an Assault upon my *Microcosm*, and dispatch me by a shorter cur than *Holbourn* to the Embraces of our once Sovereign Guide Toney. I was once the little *Man of God*, and in the same proportion too as your *Doctorship* was the *Preserver of three Nations*; yet consider, I was a *Member of the August Senate*; and besides, in *Commission of the Peace*. which qualified me for ferreting out of their holes those Bugbear Jesuits, whose deaths you signed and sealed with a *Book-buss*. That *Golden-age*, those *Halcyon-days* are efflux'd and gone, the *Sanhedrim* dissolv'd, my *Parchment* crack'd, and *seeming Sanctity* derided. And, as a *Concomitant* to so many setting Suns, I have lost all opportunities of seizing Silver Cups for Chalicees, Bracelets of Pearl for Beads, Broad-pieces of Gold for Crucifixes, and embroider'd Coats for Popish Vestments. I am now reduc'd to the lowest Ebb that the most horrid Consternation, Despair and Confusion can jointly plunge me to, being among such *Hogen Mogens* as hate my Person as much as they love my Principles. I am far from the kind and melting Sisterhood, whose zealous *Bodkins* and *Thimbles* at this dead-lift might support a sinking Champion for the Cause. The Fumes of Brandy, and Funk of rotten Cheese, are my inseparable Companions, too nauseous to my delicate senses, us'd to cleanly *ebolling Taverns*, and *sweet-scented Associators*.

Is our Idol Perkin fled, and his Brother sterling, together with their *Armstrong* Companion? Woe and alas! I never had better hopes of the
product

product of such projecting Brains. What sanctified Vault conceals them from the *Linx-ey'd Tories*? Sure they are not where the two (*Forty-Four Field-pieces*) were found, nor under the *Groaning-Board* in the plentiful *Sheriffal Kitchen*, nor at *Toney's* late Lodgings at *Wapping*: I rather believe them in some other cunning and yet unsought-for place, waiting the issue of another abortive Attempt, which will period their hopes and fears in a string, or otherwise, at the (now) unhallowed hands of *Esq; Ketch*.

O dear *Titus*! (and dear thou hast cost me, God knows) how bountiful was my *Largess* from the most Indulgent and most Merciful of *Kings*? until by the *Seditious Sufurrations* convey'd from our *Aldersgate Apollo* through your *perjurious Organs*, I swell'd with the *Association*, and was ready to burst, like the *Cumæan Sybil* when most pregnant with the *Delphick Oracle*; which co-operating with my *Fathers Blood*, running in my *Veins*, (which never has its *Circulation*, but when the *Body* is exercis'd in *Rebellion*) from the *Zenith* of soaring *Ambition*, I am thrown to this *Hell of Despair*.

The *Cause* is lost, being dismantl'd of that *Shrowd* of imaginary *Fears* of *Popery* and *Slavery*, wherewith we deceived the vulgar eye. Our drift is apparent; and no wonder, our methods being the same with *Forty-One*. And what persons so stupid, but must think the same *Causes* must produce the same *Effects*? But, alas! we pinn'd the success of our efforts upon the alluring *Bait* wherewith we hook'd the unthinking *Multitude*, whose craving *Stomachs* are evermore for change: But now, having slept upon the matter, and with their dull *Opticks* seeing through our thin *Artifice*, I am afraid your *Salamancaship*, together with the rest of our leading fellow-Labourers, are in great danger of having the torrent of the *Mobile* turn upon you in so impetuous and rapid a manner, that all the spiritual and sanctified *Pulings* of our *Non-con-Holders-forth* shall not avail to protect you from being a *Just* and *Propitiatory Oblation* to their *Fury*.

Our impositions upon the *People* have been strange, whereas our *Design* centr'd in their utter *Ruine* mediately in the ashes of the *Government*.

Recommend me in the *Bowels* of *Compassion* to your *Auditory*, if any you have: I know their *Community* must be made up of the *Brandy-men* and *broken Taylors* of *St. Giles in the Fields*, and others my *Quondam* fellow *Priest-hunters*. Represent my deplorable *Case* to our *Elders* in *Tribulation*, and out of *Tribulation*; the effects of whose *Prayers* I wish may be the remitting me some hallowed or unhallowed *Cash*; no great matter (in times of *Persecution*) so I have it. Let their *Supplications* be never discontinued for the *Resurrection* of the buried *Cause*, and for the *Prosperity* of the zealous *Bearers*, who would rather bring it from, than carry it to its *Grave*. Put them in mind, instead of *Halelujah's* to the *Deity*, to sing with one voice their more beloved *Anthem*, *And if the Laird please, a Waler, a Waler, &c.*

Direct to me at *Erasms's*
Lodgings that were.

Your true Friend in Adversity,
W. Waller.